



JIMMY MARLIN

Art of Tying a Boat With a Strong Pullaway

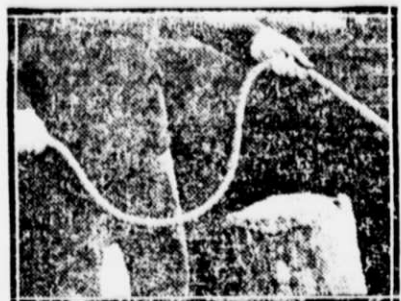
"One thing the captain told me about the clove hitch," continued Squeak, "it is not necessary to take it twice round the post over the standing part, the way I do, but they say the extra turn keeps it from slipping down. If the post is low enough for you to reach over the top of it you can throw a clove hitch with one hand very quickly."

"But you still go under and over and through, I suppose?" suggested Jimmy.

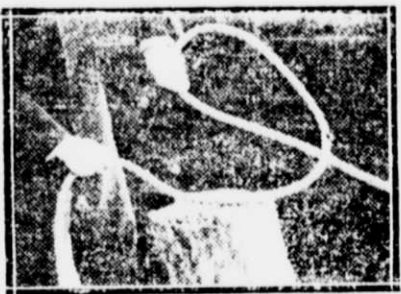
"Of course you do," answered Squeak, "but it isn't easy to throw a clove hitch over a post if the boat is pulling away from you strong. With a slack line it is easy enough."

"Show me how," demanded Jimmy.

"Suppose," began Squeak, "that you are standing on the far side of the post from the boat and the standing part of your rope. Take the end in both hands, the left hand nearest the post with the fingers well up, this way:



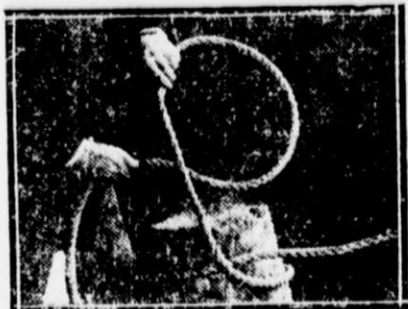
"Now turn your left hand over so as to make a right hand and drop it over the post quick, like this:



"I see," commented Jimmy. "That's where the end makes its first turn under the standing part."

"Right you are," Squeak agreed. "Now let go with your left hand and take a fresh hold of the end, with the fingers

of the left hand upward, as they were at first. This is the idea



"Then your left hand over exactly the way you did when you made the first hitch and drop it over the post and you have the regulation clove hitch. If you look at it you will see that the end goes under and over and through, and while it does not look very secure it will hold as long as there is a pull on it."



"And are there any other ways of tying boats up?" asked Jimmy.

"Lots of them. Next time we'll try a timber hitch, and then I'll show you the difference between a proper knot and a granny."

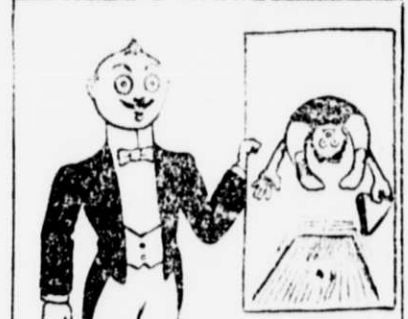
ONE AT A TIME.

It was a very dark night and the clock that stood on the floor in the corner, having nothing else to do, began to count its own ticks. In a minute it found it had ticked 120 times. Then it began to wonder how long it could keep on ticking at that pace and found it would have to tick more than seven thousand times in an hour, nearly two hundred thousand in a day and more than sixty million times in a year.

"Sixty million!" it gasped. "Good gracious! I can never do it. I shall be all worn out. It is too terrible to think of such a task. My strength is not equal to it."

"Don't worry about it," chirped the clock on the mantelpiece. "I have to make two ticks to your one. No one is asking you to make 60,000,000 ticks, but the one little tick that marks the present moment."

while the boys and girls racked their brains and imagination to tell what the professor was trying to depict. Finally after no one had made even a guess the professor told them he meant it for a boy diving off a springboard.

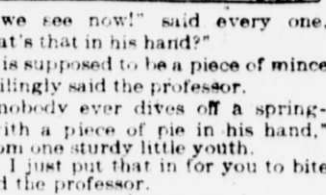


"Oh, we see now!" said every one. "But what's that in his hand?"

"That is supposed to be a piece of mince pie," smilingly said the professor.

"But nobody ever dives off a springboard with a piece of pie in his hand," came from one sturdy little youth.

"Well, I just put that in for you to bite on," said the professor.



UPS AND DOWNS.

Some day when you feel very disagreeable and whiny draw about five pictures



DISAGREEABLE AND WHINY. like the first one with all the lines turning down and you'll see just how you look. Then when that's done draw as many



JOLLY AND CHEERFUL.

pictures like the second one with all the lines turning up and by the time you're through you'll feel as jolly and cheerful as can be and look so too.

BILLY AND THE GOAT.

NO. 1.

Bill was long and lank, while Bob was short and dumpy. Bill was muscle and Bob was brains, but in spite of the being so unlike they were great chums.

Bill and Bob lived so near each other that their back yards were separated only by a fence, and back of their back yards stretched blocks and blocks of vacant lots, right down to the river, half a mile away.

Along the fence in Bill's back yard his



father had built a shed in which they put everything that was not wanted in the house, so you can imagine what a beautiful place it was for the boys to play in. Bill's father had given him one part of this shed for his very own and he and Bob had worked hard to make it comfortable.

They had spread old bits of carpet on the floor for rugs, and had tacked up some broken down furniture so that they could sit on it if they were careful not to



wriggle about too much. They had a place to keep their tools and shelves for many other things and they used to sit in their clubhouse and talk and plan and work by the hour together.

But there was one drawback to their happiness, one shadow on the brightness of their club.

Each of the boys had a sister a little younger than himself and Bill and Bob were at that foolish age when boys think that all girls are a bother. But the girls were very fond of going into the clubhouse and, like many other girls not so little, they asked a great many questions



and sometimes made remarks that were not agreeable to the boys.

Bill and Bob tried their best to discourage all visits from girls and finally they painted a sign which they nailed up over the door.



But such a small thing as a sign never kept a girl out of any place she really wanted to get into, as you all know, so Bill and Bob put their heads together to get up some sort of scheme that would keep the girls away.

Next Sunday you shall see what the first scheme was and how it worked.

Famous Tree Dies.

From the Queen.

The famous chestnut tree du Vingt Mars in the Tuileries Gardens of Paris famous because it was always the first of the year to burst into bloom is dead. Strange to say it will not be cut down but fenced in, and this will be done in regard especially to the tradition which has it that the poor Paris soldiers who died in heroic defence of the French monarchs on August 10, 1792, lie buried at its foot.

A LESSON FOR GROWNUPS

Jimmy had a small sister. She was probably a nice child and perhaps Jimmy might have loved her if she hadn't wanted to tag after him wherever he went. He thought it would be much better to leave her behind, but she cried and screamed stretched blocks and blocks of vacant lots, right down to the river, half a mile away.

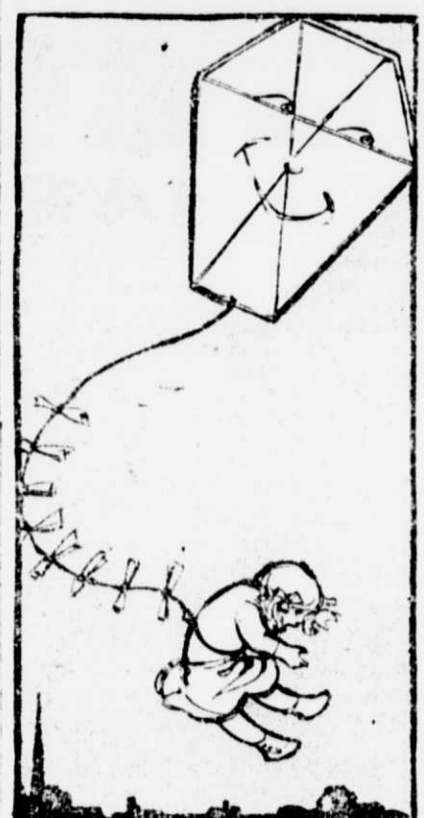
"Now look there, Jimmy Russell, I shan't allow you to hurt your sister's



HE HAD TO TAKE HIS SMALL SISTER WITH HIM.

feelings that way. She has nobody to play with and wherever you go you must take her with you and take good care of her too."

The small sister's legs were too short to keep up with the boys and she was always tumbling down and getting hurt and falling into the water, and grandma always said it was brother's fault. He was so disgusted that he thought he'd just as soon go to bed and stay there as to go out with the small sister hanging to



JIMMY TURNED INTO A KITE.

his coat tails. He was so disgusted and so cross that he thought, "I wish I could scare 'em good and hard and then maybe they'd keep little sister home." And that very day the little wind blew and Jimmy turned into a big kite, which sailed up over the church steeple with little sister dangling from its tail.

This should be a lesson to grandmas not to make boys take care of their small sisters.

HELPING A TOWN TO SAVE.

A rich man, who lives in New York decided a year or so ago that he would like to do something for the boys and girls in the town he was born in. He is James W. Ellsworth and as a boy he used to live in a little town in Ohio called Hudson.

He knew that his money grew because he saved it and his plan was to have the boys and girls learn how to save money for themselves. So one day he went to the man at the head of the bank in Hudson and said to him:

"I want you to have a special book in your bank to keep the names of every boy and girl who saves money and puts it in your bank."

The man at the head of the bank showed him a book, but he had already half filled with names of children who put their dimes and quarters into the bank for safe keeping.

"That's fine," said the man. "Now every year I will give every boy and girl a present of as much money as he or she has put in the bank."

He gave before I give this money I want each one to write me a letter telling me how he or she has earned the money. And only boys and girls who go to school will get the present."

The teachers told the children in the school rooms about it and the newspaper printed a notice about it and every boy and girl got interested. The first year there were lots of children who had been putting away their pennies and those who wrote a letter telling Mr. Ellsworth how they did it found out that the money they had in the bank had grown to be twice as much.

It was pleasant for the man who gave the money to read the letters that the boys and girls sent him. One boy had chopped wood for a neighbor every afternoon when school was out and another had earned a good many dollars selling papers and taking papers around to people's houses. One little girl had been paid for taking care of the baby and another had done mending for a busy family across the street.

BETSEY'S SQUIRREL.

The next time that Betsey went to the park you may be sure the first thing she did was to look for Silverskin. Pretty soon she saw him come bounding over the grass toward her. Then he jumped up on the bench beside her and shook hands.



"Good morning, Betsey," said he. "Are you quite ready to come and see where Fendonuts and Nimblefoot and I live? You know you promised to."

"Oh, yes, please," answered Betsey, clapping her hands with delight. "I'd just love to see. Is it far from here?"

"No, just a little way down the path. Will nurse let you go?"

"Oh, yes, because she knows how you brought me back when I was lost," replied Betsey.

And so these two little friends, Betsey and Silverskin, ran down the path and then on the grass until they came to a big tree before which Silverskin stopped.

He clicked his teeth a few times and then a little piece of the tree trunk not much bigger than a postcard opened like a door and a little squirrel's head came through.



"Betsey, this is my brother Fendonuts," said Silverskin, very politely presenting him.

"My, my, but I'm glad to meet you, Betsey," chuckled Fendonuts. "Nimblefoot, our youngest brother, is playing with some other children up in the tree-tops."

As he said this he came out of the door and Betsey noticed that he limped when he walked. He turned away for a moment to look for Nimblefoot, and Silverskin whispered to Betsey:

"He fell out of a tree when he was a baby and has been lame ever since. That's why we have this private door downstairs."

"Don't squirrels always have their doors downstairs?" asked Betsey in surprise.

"Oh, dear, no! You see, most times we just have an opening without any door to shut because we're in and out so much and so it's safer to have it on the top floor."

By this time Fendonuts had turned around again.

"It's too bad, Betsey," he remarked, "that you're not small enough to come in and see our little home, but here comes a friend of mine, a park gardener, and maybe he'll let you up so you can see through the window."

The park gardener looked kind, so Betsey asked him if he would and he said "Certainly."

Then he lifted Betsey up and she put her eye to the little hole which the squirrels called a window, and what do you think she saw?



If you can't guess for yourselves, children, I will tell you all about it next Sunday.

Too Tall to Be a Soldier.

From Le Figaro.

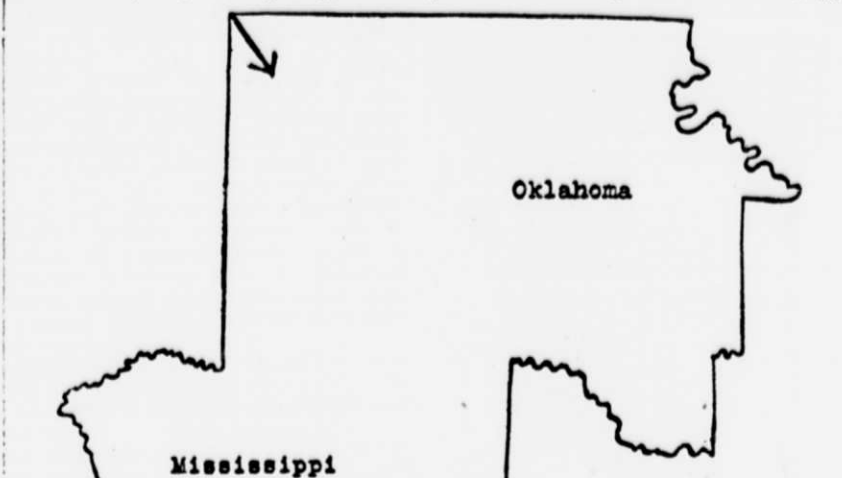
Nothing could illustrate better the changes in the art of war wrought by the evolution of weapons than the molar-jolly news that Artilleryman Aroux of the fourth Regiment at Rochelle has been discharged on account of his height.

In the old days Aroux's prodigious stature would have secured the enemy and poets would have chanted the glories of the age which could produce such redoubtable champions. Now, however, smokeless powder has changed all that. Visibility is the first consideration on the field of battle nowadays, and an artilleryman of six foot nine might cause the discovery and massacre of a whole regiment.

MATILDA'S MAPS

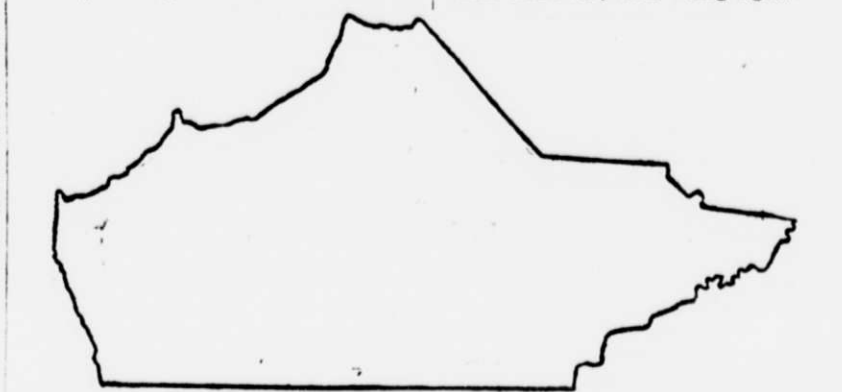
Another Mistake That You Are Asked to Correct

Perhaps it was because one part of that last map was so unlike anything else in the United States that the teacher knew it at once. That must be the reason so many boys and girls guessed it



right away, but only a few of them got the other part right.

The part they knew at once was the



eastern end of Oklahoma, where it joins the Indian Territory. The very crooked kinks are where the Arkansas River forms

Perhaps you can pick out the States that are represented and where they join, or is this only one State?

AUNT MARY'S ANAGRAMS.

Some Shifting Parts of Speech That Made a New Sentence.

That last one must have been a little easier than some of the others, because so many boys and girls made good sentences out of it. Here is the original form:

A	MAN	STOOD	BY	A
TALL	TREE	WATCHING		
A	THIN	BOY	AND	A
FAT	CAT	CLIMB	UP	A
BARBER	POLE			

In picking out the best anagrams Aunt Mary always gives credit to the one that makes the greatest possible change in the setting of the words. You may remember that she spoke about using the same word for different parts of speech. Here is the anagram she likes best:

A	FAT	BOY
AND	A	BARBER
STOOD		
BY	A	TALL
THIN	MAN	
WATCHING	A	POLE
CAT		
CLIMB	UP	A
TREE		

In this anagram you will see that "barber" was used as an adjective in the original but is now a noun, while "pole" was a noun in the original but is now an adjective.

Here are the names of the boys and girls that got good anagrams out of that one, using all the words and making no mistakes in grammar:

Frances Lippincott Mallon, Constance French, Ruth E. West, John Collins, Alice Babcock, Frank M. Carr, C. Raymond Everett, J. Florence Moore, Albert F. Hodges, Dorothy Kingsbury, Ruth A. Small, Felix Winter, John A. Tiedmann, Jr., Samuel Fitch, Roger Harden, Elmer Everett, Grace Cokerfair, Alfred H. Winsten, Margaret D. Vanderbilt, Margaretta Hahn, Ruth L. Frank, J. Higginson Manning, Paul O'Keefe, Victor C. Metz, D'Arcy McGee, Marjorie Chestnut and Charles Haines, Jr.

A very troublesome part of speech to some persons is the adverb, which usually qualifies a verb, while adjectives qualify nouns. Here is a sentence of seventeen words with some adverbs in it:

A	WINTRY	SNOW
WAS	SOFTLY	FALLING
COVERING	UP	THE
GROUND	AND	DRIVING
THE	LEAVES	ALONG
THE	WIND	

Now let us see how nicely you can cut these seventeen words apart and then put them together again so as to make an anagram which shall be a sentence with a different meaning from this one. When it is done sign your name to it, and if Aunt Mary thinks it is a good one you will find your name in THE SUN next Sunday if you post the letter before Friday.

SAMMY'S CHARADES.

A New and Harder One Told in Two Pictures.

Sammy did not have much trouble with that last one and neither did the boys and girls that read THE SUN.

The dog that was shown in the first picture must have made some of the little folks jump to the conclusion that the word was "dog daisy." But dog daisy is not a word, and the second picture was not a daisy.

The dog was a collie. You can always tell a collie by his long sharp nose, his nervous ears, bushy tail and the new white ruffe round his neck. The second picture was a photograph of a night blooming cereus, which is a species of cactus that blooms only at night. The flower is about as big as your hand and is very pale and beautiful.

By combining the two pictures we get the word "cauliflower." Here are the names of those that guessed it:

Harriet C. Simons, Ethel Hart, Little Harry, Charles Haines, Jr., John A. Tiedmann, Jr., Rose Hannehan, Grace Cokerfair and Herbert Parsons.

Sammy's chum did not exactly like the idea of Sammy's guessing them right along this way, so he brought him one of the hard ones, one that the school children had not been able to guess at all. Here it is:



NO. 1.



NO. 2.

Perhaps you will be able to do better than any of Sammy's friends. If you think you know the word, sign your name to it and send it to the Boys' and Girls' Page and if you are right you will find your name in THE SUN next Sunday if you post the letter before Friday.